

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Vol. II.—No. 3.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., AUGUST, 1875.

No. 15.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Published Monthly, by J. Van Court, at 50 cents a year, in advance.—To be issued about the middle of the month.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Three Lines.	8 Lines.	1 Square.	One Column.
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SPEAK NAE ILL.

Other people have their faults,
And so have we as well,
But all ye chance to see or hear,
Ye have no right to tell.

If ye canna speak o' good,
Take care, and see, and feel,
Earth has all too much o' woe,
And not enough of weel.

Be careful that ye make nae strife
Wi' meddlin' tongues and brain,
For ye will find enough to do
If ye hant look at home.

If ye should feel like picking flaws,
Ye'd better go I ween
And read the book that tells ye
Abont the mote and beau.

Dinna lend a listening ear
To gossip or to strife,
Or perhaps 'twill make for ye
Nae pleasant thing of life.

O, dinna add to otherz' woe,
Nor mock it with your mirth,
But give your kindly sympathy
To suffering ones of earth.

MEDICAL VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

Of all mental ailments none seem to yield to treatment so reluctantly as spiritualism. I have watched many cases of genuine spiritualism, but do not remember to have seen a chronic case permanently cured. I have seen typical cases pass regularly through their successive stages and terminate in open insanity, and have never been able to mitigate the symptoms or avert the result. Spiritualism is the most uncompromising complaint with which the psychologist is called to meet. No epidemic of modern times can compare with it. It is a delusion which has existed twenty-five years, and attacked in the United States alone nearly three millions of people. The last census informs us that there are in the republic twenty-four thousand insane, setting aside idiots; and it is believed that out of this number seven thousand five hundred cases may be traced directly to spiritualism.

The delusion does not appear to be decreasing, though fortunately its victims are now almost all from the illiterate classes, and scientific men do not seem to be liable to the contagion. It numbers among its victims a few men and women of talent and genius, but they were attacked years ago; and I venture to say that, had they remained free from the disease up to the present day, they would not be very susceptible to its influence. The fact is, spiritualism has let its hold on the higher classes, and is spreading rapidly among the rude and illiterate. Whole communities of such are given over to its influence. Its believers have their organizations, places of worship, meetings, books, papers, and asylums; they are as sincere, zealous, and as fearless as were the Flagellants, Lycan-carnest, and Crusaders of the Middle Ages; but, alas! they are even more deranged.

[We regret the author's name does not accompany the above article, nor the name of the paper where it originally appeared.]

TOBACCO SMOKE AND BABIES.

[Of course, it is a matter of taste whether people smoke or not; but it is conceded by those who are competent to judge, that the habit is injurious, and will, sooner or later, tell upon the brain and physique of those who indulge in it; hence a feeling of regret whenever we see a young man or lad just beginning to use the offensive weed; for, the habit once formed, it is difficult to overcome, and they become slaves to a filthy and expensive indulgence. Who can point out any one with a clear, profound and brilliant intellect after a long and free use of tobacco? Who knows how many babies have been reported as dying of cholera infantum, or a mysterious Providence, when tobacco-smoke should have had the credit? The following is a sensible article on the subject, and may impart some new ideas to the reader.—ED. BASKET.]

In my secret heart, I have long thought tobacco-smokers were a public nuisance; but then I don't often say so, for I am old-fashioned, very! and bashful. But you cannot imagine my surprise, Mr. Editor, when one morning, in a New York paper I read, in connection with the bulletin of Weston's walking-match then in progress, the following paragraph:

" If those who have charge of the rink can't prevent the smokers from poisoning the air which Weston has to breathe, they might as well pull down the placards prohibiting smoking. . . . It seems to us that no gentleman—however fond of the weed—would puff volumes of cigar smoke across the track on which the brave little pedestrian is so heroically walking."

Now I have read this item over and over, and yet it does not seem to abate its wrath or force one whit. It takes for granted certain facts which are startling in their simplicity and bluntness: "Smokers poisoning the air," "no gentleman," etc. I do not want to be captious or carping; but still the wonder grows why tobacco smoke is sometimes a "poison" and sometimes not—only a "sedative"? But is there one good reason why tobacco smoke is not everywhere and at all times injurious. I think not.

There is our bright young friend, Emily F.—. She married a young lawyer, and they commenced life very sensibly, rented a floor, or flat, as it is called, in one of the modern New York houses built to accommodate small families, and they are happy in their new home. But Ned is an inveterate smoker, learned it at college, and graduated in the art with fulgurating meerschaums in Germany. Emily is not delicate exactly, but of a finely strong, nervous temperament, keenly sensitive to outward influences, fond of sunshine, flowers, and out-door life. I often find her looking pale and languid, oppressed with a fanciful fear or whim that something is the matter with her; that her hot hands or throbbing head mean illness. I ventured occasionally to ask her if her husband's smoking was not doing her harm. She said No. At first it used to make her very sick, so that she would have to get into the fresh air, but that effect wore away.

Now a little one has been added to their family, and two younger, happier parents it would be hard to find. A few mornings since, as I hurried down town, it started me to see Dr. D— coming slowly out of the house, and Ned beside him in dressing-gown and slippers, catching a few last words.

" What is the matter? " sprang from my lips and eyes at the same moment.

" It's baby; he has been ailing several days, and last night was worse, but is better now. Going my way? " continued Dr. D—. " I'll tell you as we go. Good-by, Ned. Keep up good heart. Baby will soon be all right if you attend to that little prescription I gave you."

In my heart I pitied the young father immensely, and sent loving words and a promise to come back soon and stay with my pet, that the tired young mother might lie down and sleep.

We were no sooner turned away than Dr. D— left, loose his feelings. " What do you think is the matter? " said he; " here I have been to see this blessed baby every morning for a week. I could make nothing out of its symptoms. It seemed healthy, but subject to sudden ill turns, almost like faintness, accompanied by severe vomiting. Last evening it was much worse, and about eight o'clock the father came round and wanted me to come quickly. I am glad he did; for, going into the room at that unusual hour for a call, gave me an idea. There was the sleeping-room full of tobacco-smoke, and baby vomiting.

" How long has it been your custom, my friend, to smoke your pipe in the nursery? " I asked the father.

" Since nurse left. My wife is so shut up evenings, that I have sat with her; but she don't object to my smoking in her room; she rather likes it."

" I wasn't thinking of your wife now as much as of the baby."

" Why, doctor, what do you mean? Does it hurt baby? " the poor frightened young couple asked me both together.

" Yes, " I said; " there is nothing else the matter, and his symptoms correspond exactly to the poisonous effects of tobacco, received through his delicate lungs. There is not one man in ten who was not made sick by his first cigar, and some persons are more sensitive to its effects than others."

" Well, we part here, " said the doctor; " but I assure you our friend Ned has heard some plain truths."

I could not help asking, " What did he say? Was he convinced? "

" He was too anxious about his baby, as well as too polite, to contradict me, " said the doctor; " but he told me this morning that, thinking over the matter, he remembered what an inveterate old smoker was his family physician, and wondered if this prejudice against tobacco was not one of the very recent discoveries of this age. I told him his old physician was a smoker from the power of habit, but in his heart he knew as well as myself and every medical man, that it was a very injurious habit. Good-by."

This is a true story, Mr. Editor, and occurred not very long ago.

In view of the whole matter, the following queries suggest themselves: Why is the use of tobacco in its various forms debarred to the man who would excel in athletic sports or exercises, and yet recommended, or, at least, conceded, to the weak, unformed, puny youth, who has not physical vigor, or even tolerable muscular development? If the athlete cannot, in his race for fame, competition, honors, gold, afford to touch, taste, handle, or even inhale the passing breath of a weed whose subtle influence may just by one jot abate his mental or physical equipoise, can our sons afford to run the risk of failure in their course, their hard, hard struggle for success in securing the name and place of a true and holy manhood? I think not.

And as for the wives and babies of tobacco-smokers, I can only repeat the newsman's pathetic plaint, " Why will gentlemen, however fond of the weed, puff volumes of cigar smoke across the track on which the brave little pedestrians are endeavoring so heroically to walk? "

Lazy persons, it is said, die young. It is the active in body and brain who live to extreme old age, as a rule. It is abundantly proven that exercise of the mind invigorates its bodily receptacle, even when that exercise is carried to an apparently extreme point. The brain, the reservoir of energy to the rest of the system increases in volume and vigor by use, just as the arm of the blacksmith or the leg of the pedestrian gains in muscular development. The general system benefits by the enhanced brain power, and greater vitality and longevity is the result. Work by method and on system, even when severe, is actually conducive to it, while the torpor of idleness or the excitements of futile effort are the sure precursors of mental and physical degeneration. This is a useful doctrine to preach, and still more useful to practice.

USEFUL DEPARTMENT.

GROWING ROSES.

"An Old Rosarian" says: Roses require a strong soil, highly enriched with good rotten manure; an open situation and loamy soil for the strong growing, hardy kinds, and a protected aspect and light soil for the tea and other tender varieties. The hybrid perpetuals in my judgment are the most desirable among the hardy roses, as they are the best for all the various purposes to which they are applied in garden and lawn decoration. The tea, however, are the diamonds, par excellence, of the race, although needing great care in their culture. I advise that they be grown in pots, and sunk in the ground during the summer, and removed to a cold frame or greenhouse during the winter. If left remaining in the open ground, they should stand on the south side of a wall, fence, or hedge, and on the approach of cold weather, receive a covering in the form of a shed open to the south, and the plants have a liberal supply of manure over the surface of the ground, and plenty of leaves over the whole plant. If roses are set out in autumn, let it be early in November, so as to allow the roots to obtain a hold in the soil before cold weather. Give them a thorough dressing of manure to protect against sudden changes. Choose a dry day for planting, the dryer the better. Be careful to tread the soil firmly around the plants; this is very important. A cloudy day is the most desirable for removal; moisten the roots first, to be followed by a thin coat of dry earth over the fibres.

FEEDING Poultry.—As a feed for fifty fowls, the following is recommended by one who uses it: Four quarts of shorts, mixed with warm water, fed in the morning; in the afternoon, four or five quarts of cracked or whole corn; keep warm water by them through the day, and give one peck of oats once a week; also, give some hay, straw or chaff once a week, or keep ashes, sand or gravel by them.

Professor Gregory says: It has been ascertained that if you mix with their food a sufficient quantity of egg-shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay twice or thrice as many eggs as before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a large number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials for shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be; indeed, a fowl fed on food and water, free from carbonate of lime, and not finding any in the soil, or in the shape of mortar, which they often eat on the walls, would lay no eggs at all, with the best will in the world.

Blanching Celery.—One way of blanching celery is simply to place a common drainpipe upright, and allow the plant to grow up through it. I have been assured that it is not only blanched better, but that it was ready for the table much earlier. That the latter is the case, I can affirm from my own observation; for the plants I saw growing in the pipes had already grown above the tops of the pipes, while those treated in the ordinary way were not half so high.

[This is from the "English Cottage Gardener," and it may be all as the writer says; but we once made the experiment, with poor success.—Ed. Basket.]

DYSPEPSIA.—A writer says: We have seen dyspeptics who suffered untold torments with almost every kind of food and liquids. And we have seen their torments pass away and their hunger relieved by living upon the white of eggs, which had been boiled in hot water for thirty minutes. At the end of a week we have given the hard yolk of the egg with the white, and upon this diet alone, without fluid of any kind, we have seen them begin to gain flesh and strength and refreshing sleep. After weeks of this treatment, they have been able, with care, to begin upon other food. And all this the writer adds, without taking medicine. He says that hard boiled eggs are not half so bad as half-boiled ones, and ten times as easy to digest as raw eggs, even in egg nog.

DIPHTHERIA is said to be speedily arrested, and sometimes cured, by swallowing lumps of ice, continuously, until relief is afforded; let them as much as possible melt in the throat. Common Sore Throat is cured in the same way sometimes.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

FINDING 'GIRL' IN THE BIBLE.

An English town missionary relates the following remarkable incident. There was a lodging-house in his district, which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would be thereby endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out "Who's there?" and at the same moment a vicious-looking woman opened the door, and ordered the man to go away.

"Let him come in, and we'll see who he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice.

The missionary walked in, and, bowing politely to the rough-looking man whom he had just heard speak, said, "I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood, to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called a town missionary?" said he. "I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce-looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house, and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like; if you do not answer me right, we will tear the clothes off your back, and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that, sir? I am a man of my word."

I was somewhat perplexed, but at length quietly said, "I will take you."

"Well, then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word girl in any part of the Bible? If so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question."

"Well, sir, the word girl is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the Prophet Joel, iii, 3. The words are, 'And sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.'

"Well," said the man, "I am deal beat; I durst have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"And I could not have told yesterday," said I. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word girl, and got the Concupiscence to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know, what will come to pass; and surely his hand is in this for my protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident has over-ruled to the conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.

TERRIBLE.—In a certain family in Iowa there were three small children, the oldest being five years, two of whom went to the barn to find hen's nests. They found one and crawled to it, and one of them thrust his hand forward to get the eggs, when he quickly withdrew it, saying the old hen had bitten him. The other said he wasn't afraid, and thrust his hand forward, when he, too, was bitten. Both then screamed, which quickly brought their mother to the spot, when it was discovered that they had been bitten by a rattle-snake, which was coiled in the nest. The mother seized the little boys in her arms and hastened to the house, when a new horror met her gaze. In her haste to secure the boys at the barn, she had set down a boiler of hot water, into which the babe had fallen. In less than half an hour all her children were dead.

Comfort for Smokers.—As it is but fair that both sides should be heard, we give the following, found in the *Ti. Sentinel*, from a correspondent at Crown Point:

On my census rounds I found a woman in our town who is 132 years old; she smokes almost incessantly between meals, except when sleeping. She is living with her youngest granddaughter, who is 40 years of age. In viewing her wrinkled countenance and dried-up form, I thought she might still live as long as a quarter apple would last in a dry place with no worms about.

The authorities of Pottsville propose to offer a reward of \$100 dollars for the arrest and conviction of tobacco chewers who spit on ladies dresses.

LOSING THEIR FORTUNES.

[We have observed recently a number of advertisements in the papers, by New York brokers, setting forth how fortunes can be made in that city by dealing in speculative stocks. For the benefit of any who may be allured by these flattering representations, we give the following suggestive article.—Ed. B.]

Never has there been a time when so many fortunes have been lost at the stock board of New York as within the last few months. Men who were millionaires have been reduced to their last dollar by their mad speculations. One man, known to be worth nearly if not quite \$5,000,000 not long since, was obliged to mortgage his house to secure the necessities of life, and, what is worse, took down with him in his fall many of his relatives, who were in independent circumstances, but whom he had induced to invest with him.

Another case is reported of a gentleman who went from Boston to New York with \$59,600. In three months he was worth half a million of dollars, and in five months from the day of his leaving, he was obliged to borrow from a friend money sufficient to pay his way back to Boston.

Men engaged in stock dealing seem to lose their senses, and squander their money in the most absurd speculations, learning nothing from the disasters that have been and are daily being taught them.

A SMART BABY.

David Cartwright and wife were the parents of the first white babe born in Idaho, and he soon became the pet—and, it is said, the somewhat demoralized pet—of the rough miners, and catching their roaming disposition, he rambled around the confines of the camp at the rather youthful age of two years with the apparent ease of an Arab. He was called "Rock," on account of his wonderful hardness, and often showed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him. The crowning act of Rock's life, so far as known, was accomplished just before he discarded his swaddling garments, at the age of two and a half years.

While on the way to superintend the working of some extensive gulch-digging one day, he tumbled head foremost into a well, some thirty feet deep. Upon striking, he found only six inches of water, and didn't propose to be worried much by such a fall, so immediately commenced calling for help.

It was his sad fate, however, to remain in the well six long hours before being discovered; but when finally rescued, his pent-up wrath knew no bounds. There was no crying, but such a volley of invectives upon the heads of neglectful parents never before fell from childish lips. Here is a sample: "On tink I can tay in a well wifout unlin' t eat like a f'eg? 'Ey wasn't no better fadder'n mudder'n 'ou, I'd do wifout children!"

A Columbia clergyman, who, while preaching a sermon on a Sunday evening, perceived a young man and woman under the gallery in the act of kissing each other behind a hymn book, did not lose his temper. No! He remained calm. He beamed mildly at the offenders over his spectacles, and when the young man kissed her the fifteenth time, he merely broke his sermon short off in the middle of "Thirdly," and offered a fervent prayer in behalf of "the young man in the pink neck-tie and the maiden in the blue bonnet and gray shawl, who are profaning the sanctuary by kissing one another in pew 58." And the congregation said "Amen." Then the maiden pulled her veil down, and the man sat and swore softly to himself. He does not go to that church as often as he used to, nor his girl either. She goes where he goes.

A world-be-sharp tourist met a Scotch lassie going barefoot towards Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go barefooted?" "Part un' em do, and the rest un' em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

How to tell a good horse: Stand in front of his shoulder and pull his head down gently till his ear is at a level with your lips. Then tell him.

The Boston *Post* very naturally suggests that the present fashion of pinning skirts is one of the many drawbacks in the world.

Haddonfield, August 16, 1875.

A N O F F E R.

As we have received no answers to our Enigmas or Puzzles in our last number, we now make the following offer: To the first answer we may receive to any ONE of them, we will send the "Basket," gratis, to the end of the year; and to the first answer to them all, with three new ones, we will send the "Basket," and also present a large book (some 400 pages) containing much choice reading, fine plates, colored engravings, etc. Now, here's a chance for some bright school boy or girl, or anybody else. Answers may be left at our dwelling, or sent through the post-office.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNICS.

On Friday, Aug. 5th, the Grace (Episcopal) Church Sunday School spent a pleasant day in the woods, where refreshments, etc., were liberally provided. The little colored "brethren" seemed to enjoy themselves highly, judging from the noise they made on their returning home.

On Thursday last the S. School of the Presbyterian Church went out, but soon returned on account of the rain, and spent the rest of the day in the church, partaking of the good things provided, and making themselves as happy as the circumstances would permit.

The Rowandtown Sunday School also "went for" the woods, but had to return for the same reason, when the upper story of Mr. Elkin's paint factory was taken possession of, where, as we learn, the company spent the day pleasantly, or, as one remarked, "had a good time."

Next Thursday, the Baptist denomination will take out its schools, and

Thursday, Sept. 2d, the Methodists have fixed upon for their Sunday School excursion.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MATTERS.

It will be remembered that in our last number it was announced that the legal voters of Haddonfield would meet on the first Monday in August to elect one person to serve as Trustee for the ensuing three years, in place of David Bue, whose term of service expires. A few days before the time named, however, Mr. Browning, District Clerk, received a circular, stating that the law being explicit as to the proper time for such election. There should be a good attendance at the appointed time of all who take an interest in our public school matters. We understand there is a probability that there will be two or three candidates in the field, and whoever has the most "backers," will, of course, be elected.

The following is the circular alluded to:

State of New Jersey.—Department of Public Instruction.
To the District Clerks of New Jersey:

By the Revised Statutes, which went into effect the first of January, 1875, the first Monday in September is fixed as the time for holding the meetings in the several School Districts for the election of Trustees.

The law which required these elections to be held on the first Monday in August was approved a few days previous to the approval of the Revised Statute, and consequently it is no longer in force. These elections, therefore, this year, must be held on the first Monday in September, and not on the first Monday in August.

ELLIS A. ALGAR,

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Dated July 23, 1875.

The main building of the new Presbyterian Church, though yet in a somewhat unfinished state, was thrown open for religious worship for the first time on Sunday evening, Aug. 8. We understand this will be continued for the present, it being more comfortable for the congregation during the hot weather than in the smaller room. There was a good attendance.

There are said to be 130 or more boulders in our town at present, principally from the city.

We direct attention to the advertisement respecting Miss Hillman's Haddon Institute.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

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On Sunday evening, the 1st inst., the pulpit of the Methodist E. Church, in this place, was occupied by Mrs. *Pearceall Smith*, who, with her husband, are well-known as ministers of the gospel, and whose special mission seems to be to urge Christian professors to a higher state of spiritual enjoyment, or a more profound Christian experience—a good work. She talked to the people in a very plain, earnest way, with no attempt at eloquence or rhetorical flourishes. Some of her illustrations were very apt and to the point. The room was crowded with persons from all the religious denominations of the place, and outsiders, who seemed to be deeply interested in the discourse, judging from the close attention given.

The Presbyterian Church closed its doors, on the occasion, in order to give its members an opportunity to hear Mrs. Smith, and their pastor, Rev. Mr. Newberry, took part in the exercises.

ORDINATION.—A Council was held at Berlin on the 29th July, with a view to the ordination of Bro. Thos. W. Wilkinson, of Glenwood. Rev. Mr. Young, of Haddonfield, was chosen Moderator. Eight churches were represented, and the council, after hearing the candidate's statement, Christian experience, etc., voted unanimously to proceed to his ordination. The service was held in the afternoon, and proved deeply interesting. Bro. Wilkinson's association with the church (Baptist) at Berlin, is mutually gratifying to himself and the people. We heartily wish him much success in his good work.

WET AND DRY.—Whilst many portions of the West have been inundated by floods and storms, destroying produce and other property to an immense amount, much of the Southern country has been suffering from drought. At Montgomery (Ala.) and vicinity, it was announced a few days ago, no rain had fallen since May, and none in other portions of Alabama for several weeks; that the whole cotton belt was dry and hot, and that the cotton and corn were suffering.

Rev. John Fort, pastor of the Methodist E. Church at Blackwoodtown, fell suddenly dead, on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 7, at his residence. He was 58 years of age, and an esteemed member of the N. J. Conference.

John Lucas, one of the active Directors of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, we understand, makes frequent excursions of inspection over the road, with the view of seeing to the comfort and convenience of the many thousands of travellers upon it.

Mrs. Nelly Grant Santoris' baby has the honor of being a native of New Jersey, having been born at Long Branch, and like a good many other remarkable things connected with Jersey, he weighed 10½ pounds at his birth—a bouncing boy, that. We trust he will grow up a credit to his native State.

Poison.—In the last number of the "Basket," we gave the views of several writers on the use of Paris green for the destruction of the *Dasypodha*. Some of the ideas advanced are peculiar. One of them says, the mineral, being insoluble, is "not absorbed by vegetable alimentation," whilst another asserts, "It is true, we have several cases of injury from absorption through the pores of the skin." Now the mystery with us is, if it can be absorbed by the skin, why not by the plant?

Again, the article used, it is asserted, "is just as dangerous and deadly after it has been in the ground a year as when first applied." Then why not for five or ten years, or more? And if so, and the ground is used for pasture at any time during those years, for cattle, sheep, or pigs, what effect will it be likely to produce upon them?

There is also a challenge to produce a "well-authenticated case of injury from this cause." This may not, as yet, have been done; nevertheless, people often say they have "eaten something that don't agree with them," and may die; but, like this writer, who would ever suspect the innocent potato of being the cause?

There are some persons, as we are aware, who attempt to ridicule the idea of being poisoned by putrescible materials, on which Paris green has been used, but ridicule does not meet the case. We do not pretend to any scientific knowledge on the subject, but take what we believe to be a common-sense view of the matter.

We have received two handsomely got-up pamphlets from the Mutual Life Insurance Co., New York, F. S. Winston, pres., one entitled "Plain Directions for Accidents, Emergencies and Poisons," 126 pp., and the other "Plain Directions for the Care of the Sick and Recipes for Sick People," 72 pp., by a Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, etc. Both these pamphlets contain much useful matter and valuable hints, and are accompanied by the following: "The Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York, will furnish this book, gratuitously, upon application."

Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine, for August, has an article on Ireland, accompanied by several fine engravings, and a sketch of the life of Charlotte Bronte, with a well-engraved portrait; the irrepressible "Pipsey," and a great variety of interesting matters. T. S. Arthur & Son, Philada. \$2.50 a year.

We notice the death recently of Mrs. Sarah Rusling, widow of Rev. Joseph Rusling, once a faithful and beloved Methodist preacher in New Jersey, and afterwards in Philadelphia. Mrs. R. was a long and patient sufferer—almost helpless—from paralysis.

Rev. P. L. Davies, a well-known clergyman in the Baptist church, died on the 30th July, at the age of 11. For several years, he served the Tabernacle Church, in Camden. He then became pastor of the Berean Church, New York. At the time of his death, he was on a visit in Philadelphia. He was a native of Wales, and highly esteemed for his many good qualities.

The new depot, built by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Co., at the foot of Vine street, is a fine and spacious structure. On one side of the thoroughfare are two nicely fitted up reception rooms—one for ladies and other for men. On the other side is a "restaurant."

It is reported a lad was drowned in Cooper's Creek, near Haddonfield, on Friday, Aug. 6. Also, that a colored boy, named Evan Mitchell, from Delaware, was drowned recently in Newton Creek, near the White Horse Bridge.

Ex-President "Andy" Johnson died at his daughter's residence in Carter Co., Tenn., on the 31st ult., in his 67th year. His funeral was largely attended, and respectful mention was made of him by most of the newspapers throughout the country. There is now no Ex-President of the U. S. surviving. He was recently elected to the U. S. Senate.

The Excursion train of Thursday morning, July 29, on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, had 39 cars, and the one on Monday, Aug. 9, had 41 cars, and on Wednesday, Aug. 11, 39 cars, and the day following about the same number, each in two divisions.

Thomas Bates, of this place, was knocked down and robbed of about \$10, in the neighborhood of Starr & Son's mills, Camden, while on his way home, on Saturday evening, soon after dark, by two strange young men, who had accompanied him from the ferry. They then fled. Such company should be closely scrutinized.

John S. Littell, a native of Burlington, recently died at Germantown, aged 69 years. He was a publisher, and at one time published the "Law Library" in Philadelphia. As a printer, we had a long business intercourse with him, and always found him a man of strict integrity and uprightness of character.

The Sunday train for Atlantic City now leaves Nine street wharf at 7 a. m. and Atlantic City at 5 p. m.

An extra express train for Saturdays only, leaves at 3.15 p. m., returning on Mondays only, at 7.30 a. m.

GRAPES.—It is estimated that Vineland will produce a much greater quantity than last year, and to the amount of about 3,000 tons.

The rate of taxation of the city of Woodbury is fixed at 73 cts. on the \$100, the present year. This sum includes State, county, city, school and fire tax.

DIED.

At Haddonfield, on the 29th ult., Clara E., daughter of George H. and Clara Rule, aged 11 months.

At Atlantic City, on the 30th ult., Rachel E., wife of Benjamin B. Shinn, of Haddonfield.

At Waterford, on Sunday, 18th ult., Hannah, relict of Judge Joseph Porter, in the 82nd year of her age.

A correspondent of the Bridgeton 'Pioneer,' says an uncle to the lost boy, Charlie Ross, has a large boarding house at Ocean Grove, which is filled to overflowing by the sympathizers of the bereaved relatives. This is the one that devoted so much time and expense to discover the lost one, till reduced to such circumstances as to cause him to engage in this occupation.

We observe our old friend, F. Ferguson, of the "Burlington Gazette," offers that paper for sale—finding that the care attending its duties are too much for his age and feeble health. It is one of the oldest papers in the State, in good condition, and will be sold a bargain.

Plum's Excursion to Atlantic City is announced for Thursday, the 26th of August.

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aug2t

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